

OUR LONDON LETTER.

The Rinderpest—Reform Bill—Education in England—Out-cropping Sympathy for America—Excursions to the Western World, Etc.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Telegraph.

LONDON, April 6.—Although but little comparatively said on the subject in public, the effects of the great cattle plague continue to be felt on every side. In no place do you feel it more than at the Englishman's favorite resort—the dinner-table. Here, for a time at least, the glory of "the roast beef of Old England" has departed. Every species of this kind of meat, in whatever shape presented, is more or less eyed with suspicion, and "good digestion waits on appetite" almost in vain, so far as this national dish is concerned.

The rumor that the plague had suddenly attacked the sheep has spread new consternation through many circles. English men in a whole country that raised in Wales, for the British palate is in some respects better than English beef, and the idea of losing its savory joints is intensely unpopular. There is a well-grounded fear, too, that the "grievous murrain" will be more destructive among the sheep than it is among the oxen; and hence the increased alarm. On all sides inquiry is rife. Viewing the matter in a sanitary aspect, it is asked whether the brutal manner in which flocks and herds have been brought in by sea, and their exposure on the low, wet grounds through stormy days and frosty nights, may not have had much to do with the plague. It is so, it is easy to trace it home to the numerous sheep in meat, and the numerous men that have followed in as natural as its just. It is certainly a very singular circumstance that every remedy yet discovered has been a total failure. The only way to cure the disease is to kill the beast.

There can be no question but reform is making progress in Great Britain. Every aspect in which the subject is viewed presents favorable features. Even the excitement in Ireland is already producing good results. Its reflex influence is being felt everywhere in English society. The dissatisfaction that prevails with regard to existing abuses is increasing. The impression is steadily gaining ground that the masses of the English people are not fed, nor clothed, nor housed as they should be; that a reform in these respects is demanded, and must and will be had.

The necessity for a more general diffusion of knowledge among the people of England is becoming every day more and more manifest. There was a time when the reformers, who saw and felt deeply the value of an increased popular education, were unwilling to advocate it as a State measure. They were conscientious on that point; and, standing by ignominiously, nothing, comparatively, was done, when much might have been. The system of so-called "National Education" was established—a system "established," for it was literally the child of the State church, and, at the moment of its birth, tied up in the sectarian leading strings of the establishment; but it gave only very limited blessings to the people hungering and thirsting for more knowledge; and, in some places, only aggravated the very evil it professed to seek to remove.

There is now, however, a prospect of the dawn of a better day. The objection of the earlier reformers is seen in a different light. They are beginning to understand that the citizen has a right to take education from the State, because he is himself a part of the State—nay, as a free elector, an independent subject, the very foundation of the political edifice. As time passes on, these truths will become self-evident. There is no power on earth that can prevent them from becoming potent for good in society. The people are beginning to gaze upon, study, and love them. It is only despots and aristocrats who fear them. The education of England is the redemption of England.

The feeling prevalent in Great Britain towards America is certainly improving. This favorable change is seen more in the tone of the public press than anywhere else. It is my privilege to meet with a great variety of English journals—indeed, a perfectly fair representation of the sentiment of England—and I am much struck with the alteration for the better that has recently taken place. This is owing, no doubt, to the improvement perceptible in certain journals on the American side of the Atlantic, among other causes—an improvement which, so far, at least, as a certain paper in New York is concerned, was very much needed. It is amusing, now, to hear the "Great Thunderer" say: "God you as gently as a sucking dove."

The best of the joke is that Americans see through it all, at a glance. "The pointed hypocrites are known through the disguise they wear."

Let them pass.

AMERICAN EXCURSIONS. It is perfectly clear that as the past season has witnessed a great American rush to Europe, so the coming one will witness a still greater rush from Europe to America. The desire to see the country that has made so deep and lasting a mark among the nations of the earth, whose territory has been shown to be so broad, whose resources are so vast; where the memorials of a thousand battle-fields are yet fresh on the soil; where the facilities of travel and entertainment are admitted by those who have tried them to be among the best in the world, the purposes, the plan for all this, will now be gratified. The number of new lines of steamers now taking to the Atlantic for the United States is surprising. It competition is the line of business, then, between America and Europe must be lively indeed.

You will have noticed the special excursion projected by Mr. T. Cook, of London, who has recently returned from the United States. I had the pleasure of meeting this now well-known tourist a few days ago. He speaks in the highest terms of Philadelphia, as, indeed, all intelligent and travelled English people do with whom I have conversed respecting our beautiful city. Mr. Cook, who takes over a large party of excursionists with him in a few weeks, will afford them all an opportunity of visiting Pennsylvania, as well as all other interesting portions of our country. His movement is deservedly popular, and, richly deserves all the attention it is sure to receive in America.

General Osterhaus. General Leggett gives, in the Zanesville Courier, the following anecdote of the inability of General Osterhaus to speak the English language correctly:—

The General's not learning to speak English reminds us of one or two incidents in his military career. One morning, when we were confronting the enemy at Keosau Mountain, they made an attack on Osterhaus's command. He was at breakfast, when an orderly dashed up with—"General, the Rebs are advancing upon us." "Shut wait," said he, "till I get mine coffee; I makes him hell smell."

After drinking his coffee he hurried to the front, and, he didn't literally till his promise he wouldn't be reticent, and made the enemy glad to regain the shelter of their works.

Natural History of the Managing Mamma.

A mothers wish to have their grown-up daughters married. Some mothers, in the furtherance of their wishes, trust to love, some to luck, and some to Providence.

The Managing Mamma, however, trusts to neither of these ruling powers in the affairs of woman-kind, but resolves to accomplish her desire by the aid of tact, cunning, and perseverance.

The M. M. is the terror of poor young men in love with her daughters, and a tormenting spirit to the young ladies themselves. She has more doctrine to inculcate for the safety of her poor ignorant lumps, ignorant of the ways of this wicked world, than Easy Calveskin drinks and to each of these imperable doctrines she makes more amendments than has lately been attempted on that marvel of patchwork, the Constitution.

The M. M. is also a clairvoyant detective. She can perceive the motives of her daughter's gentleman visitors at a glance. She is sure that all Mr. A. cares about Julia is the little fortune that will be left her when it will please the Almighty to call her husband away. Mr. B., who is doing a small business, she knows by the twinkle of his eye is a rake. She must warn her daughter, if she has the least regard for that priceless jewel, her honor, to calculate his designs. Even supposing he were to marry her, which Heaven forbid, he would torture her to death and force her to commit suicide through jealousy, as he would always be making love to other women.

Mr. C. is in good business, and has a rich father, is a model of a man. Any woman might feel proud to have the honor of receiving his attentions. On the day she sees Julia married to him, she could willingly go with him to the church, to see her things carefully away, and lying on her couch, close her eyes, and praying, "Lord, now lettest Thy servant depart in peace, since I have seen the daughter for whom I have toiled and moiled, worked and strived, and labored, and manufactured, till I have often been crazy, married to a well-to-do man of good prospects and family," close her weary eyes, and depart from this vale of tears.

Julia here asserts that her brother, Albert, once casually hinted that Mr. C. sometimes got tipsy, and that he was making love to some poor girl who was his mother's dressmaker. All low scoundrels, with not a word of truth in them, the M. M. furiously declaims. Should her own mother know better than a mere boy like Albert? Boys were always telling stories. Even if Mr. C. did drink a little, she would rather have her future son-in-law drink like a gentleman than be a crum ill-mannered teetotaler. That story about the dressmaker is a lie, you may depend on it. Poor girls of low families were ever trying to sneak into the good graces of gentlemen who must always be in the neighborhood.

Julia's younger sister asserts that Mr. C. could not come to see them for two weeks, in consequence of getting a thrashing for having insulted a girl in the street when he was tipsy; and when he did come, there was the mark of a recently blackened eye quite visible on his face, Julia knows the girl he insulted.

Against this circumstantial evidence, the M. M. does not try to advance her battering powers; but she simply asserts that the best of men act very strangely at times, and if her poor ignorant daughter can be so easily misled, how much more she had with the best of men, their own father, they would not be so very much astonished when they heard that young men do odd things at times. Men have to be managed if they want to keep from making fools of themselves and their families, and when Julia is married to Mr. C., her dotting mother will give her all necessary instructions. Julia's youngest sister hints that her Ma is to die on the wedding-day, and to die she must have a grand funeral, and on her tombstone have an inscription, "Here lies my devoted mother." "Die!" ejaculated the M. M., "and make my daughter go in mourning before she has had time to go in company and show the nice outfit I intend to give her! You are crazy. I see you are laughing as your mother, who is wearing her life out to settle you well in life. Leave the room, and go up stairs and read your Bible—no, go to the glass and study how to tinge your cheeks without letting every one know that you paint your nose sallow skin."

When the M. M. is on a visiting-tour, she takes occasion to mention the names of all the young men who visit at her house, and endeavors by all means to discover all concerning their prospects, their abilities, their connections, and whether, above all things, they have any money. She thinks that she cross-questions so adroitly that her object is not apparent. But as every attempt at getting information ends with reference to a bank account, or the property qualifications of the relatives of the subject of inquiry, she cannot deceive other ladies, who, perhaps, are on the same tack themselves. Thus she proceeds:—"Have you seen Mr. X. lately?" "No, he has not been to see us for some time." "Indeed, I thought he was quite a regular visitor here. He called yesterday, and he looks so handsome in a new walking-suit, that I thought he had vastly improved. He wore a splendid diamond pin, too. He is getting quite a beau." "Diamond, was it? I thought he couldn't afford it, unless it was very small. His family are very respectable, but quite reduced." The M. M. nods and smiles, as if she knew all about it—as she now does. Silently she resolves to warn her Fanny, when she goes home, against the deceitful Mr. X., who is acting the gentleman, and trying to get into the society of his better pretenses.

The M. M. then mentions that she thinks Mr. Y. begins to look so snabby in that old dress-coat which he must have worn a season, that he might at last, if he couldn't do anything better, get credit for a new suit. She hates to see anything like stinginess in young men. When they have wives and families to spend their money for them, it is time enough for them to be saving. When her host informs the M. M. that Mr. Y. is very eccentric, so much so that she only allows herself five hundred a year for dress, but that he is very rich, and of a family who have raised themselves from abject poverty by economy and industry, she makes up her mind to allow Julia to make a deal out of Mr. Y., as he knows both how to make money and to keep it after it is made; no foolish ninnies who will ruin himself in the endeavor to keep pace with other men's extravagance; one of those self-made families, too, that are our country's peculiar boast. The M. M. learns, too, that Mr. Z. is of sickly family; all his relatives have died suddenly of heart disease; that his brothers have made their wives rich young widows in a short time; so she thereupon makes a silent vow that Fanny shall marry Mr. Z.; the girl is young, and if she pleases her mother with her first match, she can (D. V.) please herself with her second.

When the M. M. has exhausted the information of her hosts, she makes her adieux in quest of more intelligence. And finally, she reaches home, to lecture, scold, threaten, scheme, manoeuvre, and pass an uneasy night, her sleep disturbed by awful visions of her daughters eloping with half-starved clergymen or out-of-elbow young lawyers.

forms them that Julia thinks so much of them, and thinks that they are each pattern of propriety, that she wishes she could be like them, and she wonders that the gentlemen of the family are not more gallant than they are; but young Julia here to her once sometimes. The M. M. gives staid injunctions that what she has told in confidence must not be repeated—which, of course, it is at the first opportunity.

When Julia is requested to play, her M. M., with a loving smile, drawing out a "Judy's my love, do sit up straight; you will soon be round-shouldered." Of course Mr. Y., who is to be least-returned, instantly observes that Julia is as straight as a ramrod. The M. M. takes occasion to remark that, "You are looking pale, dear; you must be fatigued." Julia, who seems as fresh as a pink saucer, is looked at and complimented by the young man for her rare color in these close and heated rooms. The M. M. complains that though she likes to see Julia smile, yet she would rather not, as people would say she wished to show her teeth, which are natural, though many women their regular, would rather think so. The M. M. takes care to add that she could allow no child of hers to wear false teeth, or any other falsity. Though her daughters are perhaps not so attractive looking as some, they are, however, regular, and make a good thing. This information makes glad the heart of Julia's lover, who, like most men, is not very sure how little of a graceful woman is natural, and how much manufactured. In this way she calls attention to all the good points of her daughter's countenance.

The M. M. insists on learning from her daughters all that their lovers have said and done in their company, even to the minutest detail, and she is ever learning and ever nothing, she retires to her room to unravel their meaning, and to construct a plan for bringing the flies who are buzzing about her daughters into the matrimonial net. After a long reflection she determines to let her daughters into a course of action which will be coquetish without appearing so. And in consequence, male lovers are often astonished by the peculiar behavior of their feminine allies, and, as a result, "Womankind" when the puppet daughters are only obeying the wire-puller behind the scenes.

If her daughters cannot bring the lovers to make a proposal, she, the M. M., takes the affair in hand, and many a young man, who was merely passing the time, has been astonished at the curses of Heaven brought down on his unwary head for his destroying the peace of a loving mother's child.

Sometimes the M. M. thinks it fitting to let her house of all young gentlemen visitors at one swoop, and get a new set. This she does through her daughter, in the your-visit-are-not-to-be-remembered manner, to the great astonishment of sundry very green young men, who think they have given, unwittingly, serious offense, but who are denied the chance of apology or explanation.

As last the M. M. has the satisfaction of having her daughters married, though not to the men, or rather the wealth she had first chosen. When her daughters are brides, they are pestered by her directions for the management of their households, which are by no means graciously received, and the poor woman who is so intruded, worried, and saved, at last is told by her own daughters that all she did was rather a hindrance than a benefit to them. Such is the deserved fate of all plotters. —THIRSWOLD BRAMBLING.

The First Paper Mill in America.

A Philadelphia letter to the New York Tribune says:—In 1690 the first paper was created in Pennsylvania, near a stream called the Wissahickon, about two miles from the location of the works of the Wood Paper Company, in the suburbs of Philadelphia. The founder was William Ryttinghuser, of Holland, who, having had for generations made paper for the Dutch, and whose descendants to this day make paper in Manayunk. A good family that of Ryttinghuser—thirty and wiser—who sensibly changed their name to Bittenhouse, and gave to science a grand-nephew of William named David, much addicted to seeing stars among these high Wissahickon hills, and now known to all mankind as an eminent astronomer. I have seen a book which he wrote, which, over one hundred and seventy years since, bearing the Ryttinghuser water-mark, "W. R. Pensilvania," with a trefle, encased in a scroll—a neatly formed trefle that the origin of the superstitious among people of this State, that when good Pennsylvanians die they go to New York.

In those days all paper was manufactured by hand. Each sheet was manufactured separately. The rags were made into a pulp in iron or stone mortars or trip-hammers, it requiring several days to make a sample of dry finished paper. The capacity of the mill was about 1500 reams a year. You can now induce our best clerks to tell how many hundred years it would have taken honest old William to furnish one year's supply of paper for the Tribune. The business grew rapidly in the colonies. In 1769 there were only three mills in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, annually producing \$135,000 worth of paper. In 1787 the business commanded sixty-three mills, and required \$250,000 worth of paper. In 1795 there were fifty-three mills in the United States, with a capital of \$4,745,250, and an annual product of \$6,173,092. In 1850, 443 mills; capital, \$7,166,844; annual product, \$10,187,177; in 1856, 560 mills; capital, \$10,000,000; annual product, \$12,000,000—being the printing and publishing year of peace, 1850, before we took to throat-cutting and windpipe-slitting acts. Total, 60,000 tons of paper, or about 2,800,000 reams; or, to be minute, and at the risk of giving the *Tribune* people an approximating idea of the *Tribune* circulation, over thirteen thousand two hundred million sheets. From 700,000 annual sheets, as the labor of honest William Ryttinghuser, to more than thirteen thousand million sheets of this great Yankee national paper, is the story of the American paper trade in a sentence.

—Musical Jewellery—(Choral). —They are to have an opera house in Macon, Georgia.

—Admiral Dahlgren has rented a cottage at Newport.

—There are 46,901 farms in Massachusetts, valued at \$284,495,122.

—A burlesque of *Crispino e la Comare* has been played in Boston.

—Why is spring the proper time to lick little boys? Because it's lambing time.

—The oldest inhabitant of Brussels, Madame Demoulin, has just completed her 103d year. She enjoys the entire use of her faculties.

—Lord Houghton has been appointed President of the Art Union of London, in place of the late Lord Montagu.

—A member of the Lygon family has represented West Worcestershire in the British Parliament uninterruptedly from the year 1775 to 1866, a period of ninety-one years.

FINANCIAL. JAY COOKE & CO., BANKERS, No. 114 S. THIRD STREET, AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

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